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Heart of
George Edward Lewis



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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





HEART ECHOES

BY

GEORGE EDWARD LEWIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

MARIE JEWELL CLARK.

"Go thou forth; and fortune play upon thy prosperous helm."



PRESS OF
TRADESMAN COMPANY,
Grand Rapids, Mich.



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GEORGE EDWARD LEWIS.

"Poetry is itself a thing of God. He made his prophets poets: and the more we feel of poesy do we become like God in love and power."

Biographical Preface.

THE AUTHOR of "Heart Echoes" is a native of Michigan. His grandfather, James Otto Lewis, was a poet and artist and a friend of the early pioneers of Michigan, Louis and Antoine Campau and others. He accompanied General Lewis Cass on the "birch bark canoe trip," famous in history, and on his return published and illustrated, in 1834, "The American Aboriginal Portfolio," containing pictures and sketches of some forty chieftains. His son, William, father of George Edward, journeyed through all the states in the Union, meeting with both success and misfortune, at last settling down with his good wife to rear their large family of children in the northern part of his native State, Michigan, which was then a region wild. Here the childhood and youth of George Edward were spent among the nestling hills covered with forests and farms, roaming through the dark pines, fishing in the bough-hidden streams, picking blueberries on the plains, studying Nature at her best, toiling on the farm, working in the lumber camp, but ever weaving into rhyme the pictures of Nature's own which, with later ones redolent of his city life, have been gathered into "Heart Echoes," with the wish that it may help others to while away a leisure hour.

M. J. C.

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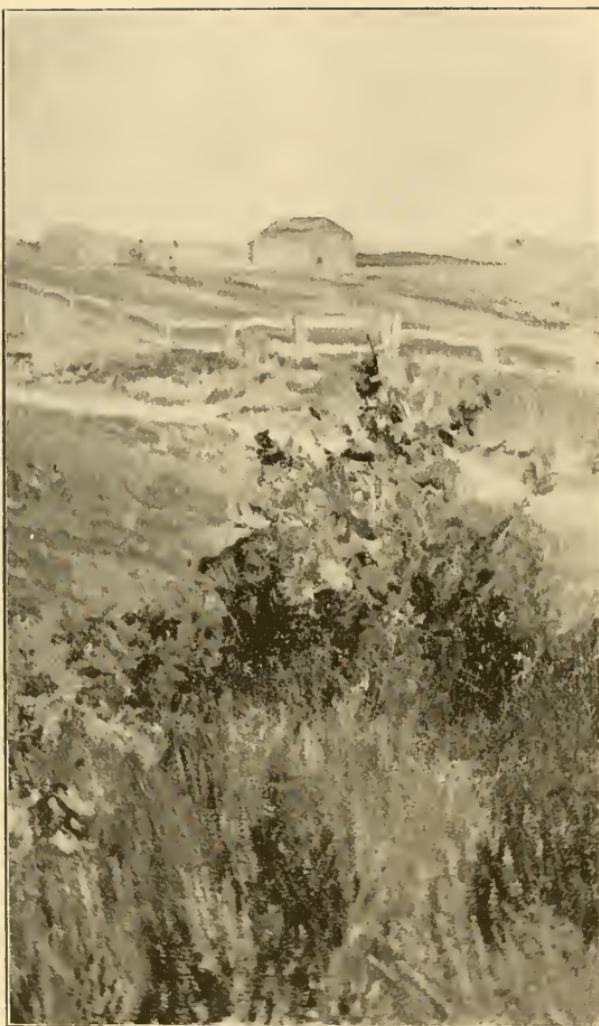
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“The homestead of my childhood, the shade of other days.”

H Studio.

[Dedicated to Marie Jewell Clark.]

I sit this summer morning
Within a quiet room
Filled up with varied pictures
Of love and joy and gloom.

Around are masterpieces
From far across the sea
Caught by a skillful pencil,
Transfigured here for me.

Here is a modern picture,
Here one of olden time:
One shows the winding Arno
And one the castled Rhine.

This picture comes from Venice—
We see it at a glance—
And here is one from Holland
And this one came from France.



"And one the castled Rhine."

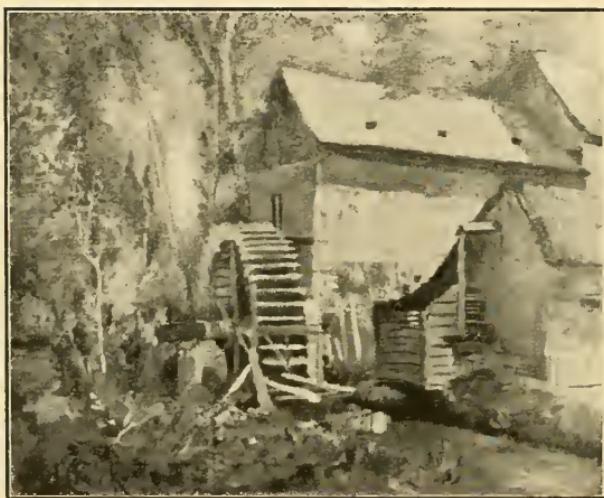
There are yellow roses,
Enough a vase to fill,
And here are velvet meadows
And there a ruined mill.

See, here the cows are drinking
From a cool and lowly stream
Bordered with crimson maples
Ablaze with autumn's sheen.

But this one tho' more sombre
Still more attracts my eye,
With gentle sloping meadows,
With evening painted sky.

I see in this dear picture,
As deep and long I gaze,
The homestead of my childhood,
The shade of other days.

I hear my father's whistle,
Again the night winds moan;
I see my darling mother
Within that dear old home.



"And there a ruined mill."

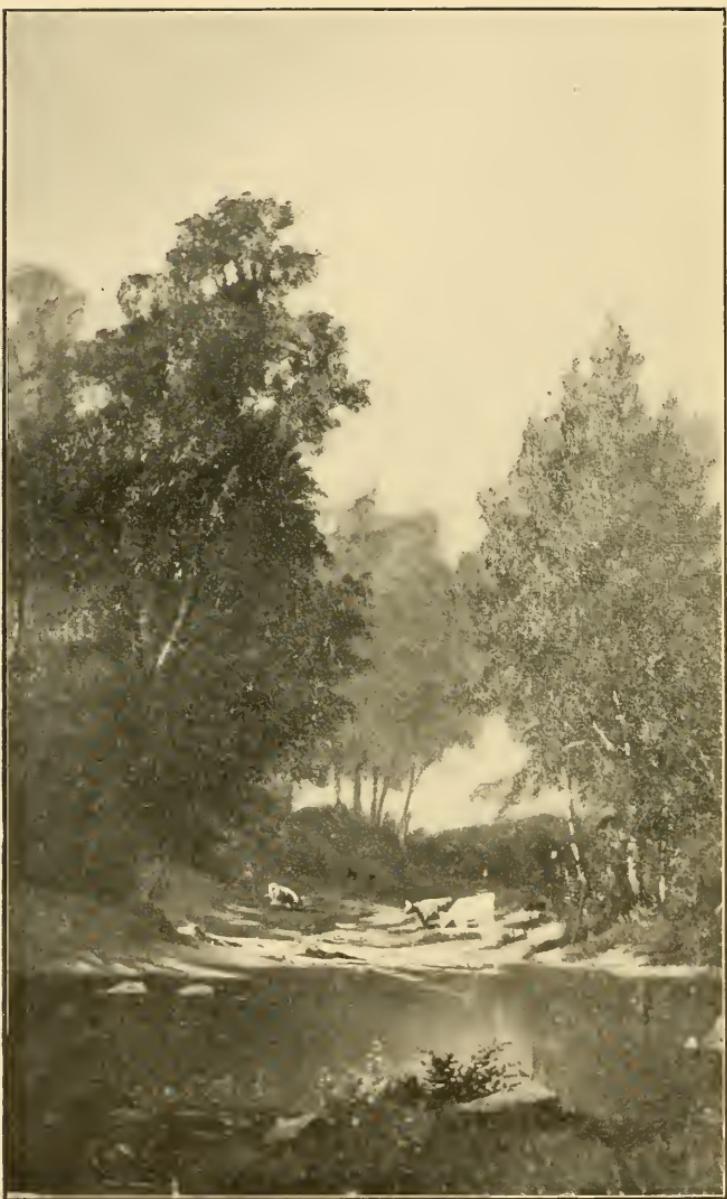
But another loves this picture,
That true and sombre shade,
And often gazes fondly—
She who that picture made.

The reason why she loves it
This calm and peaceful scene
Because it is the symbol
And echo of a dream.

The winding road leads westward,
The skies and forest blend
And join with one another
To reach some peaceful end.

And who knows what that artist
Can read between the lines
Untold with brush and pencil
In pictures or in rhymes?

Such hearts have noble feelings,
Sublime, serene and dear,
Who can with earthly fingers
Transcribe such beauty here.



“See here the cows are drinking from a cool and lowly stream.”

While gazing on this picture—
The leaves and grasses green—
We read a quiet undertone
That few have ever seen.

Oh, dumb the pen of poets
Confined in solemn hush
And words are idle dreamers
Beside the artist's brush.

And tho' the artist's pencil
Transcends the poet's art
Yet neither pen or pencil
Reveals the inmost heart.





Melvin Jewell Clark.
The dawn of the twentieth century.

The Closing Century and Dawn of the Twentieth

They soon shall live in history,
Those rapid passing years
That filled this busy century
With all its toils and tears:
Soon time with magic fingers
Shall heap the moulding clay
Above its fallen ruins
And slowly sink away.

But can we leave in silence
This grand old century here,
The period of our fathers
And to our children dear?
It gave us every pleasure,
The hours of happy health,
And heaped beside our doorway
Great shining hoards of wealth.

Come, let us travel backward
With the wrinkled, hoary sage
And view the radiant pictures
That live on history's page:
Amid the virgin forest
A rugged babe was born;
'Twas softly dressed in doeskin
And reared on yellow corn.

And in those same dark forests
Dwelt many a stranger man:
To crush this hardy infant
They summoned every plan.
In spite of warriors' cunning
He up to childhood sprung
And garnered woodsy flowers
When the century was young.

He hastened into manhood
And threw the flowers down
And seized a battered hammer
To shape his native town:
He chose a mammoth boulder
Of prairie, lake and trees,
Of rock and wave-kissed islands
Abloom with sun and breeze.

He wiped away the mildew
And smoothed the corners tough
And shaped the future figure
Of our nation in the rough;
He laid the fading Redman
Down to eternal rest
Far in his native forest,
With his quiver on his breast.

Through winter and through summer
His hammer clove the air,
And as each blow rebounded
The margin was more fair;
He drained the muddy morass,
Nations left at his command:
They never more shall trespass
Our free, unsullied land.

The village turns to city,
The country's changed to town:
Large steamers plow the rivers
As his hammer thunders down:
Through sunshine and in shadow
His ponderous blows do fall
And leave at last a nation
That towers over all.

We love the grand old sculptor
Whose heart so soon must break,
Who made this gallant Union
For all his children's sake;
And when his head is covered
And another takes his place
May each soul prove as noble
Through all the human race.

The sculptor is the century,
His blows the falling years
That dressed the mighty boulder
On all its wild frontiers;
He smoothed the jagged mountain
And tilled the barren plain
And left behind him waving
Great fields of golden grain.

The old sculptor is dying
And by his patient bed
We lean and softly listen
The words in life he said:
“Go forth to fields of battle
With victory in your breast,
So every star may twinkle
In the banner of the West.

“And, farmers, plow your meadows
And, statesmen, use your brain,
And all who claim this country
Help garner in its grain;
If faithful are the reapers
A prize each one shall hold
Who values home and country
More precious yet than gold.

“In time man bridles lightning
And drives his steed afar:
His iron hoofs go pounding
Beneath the rattling car.
He drives him up the mountain
And o'er the ocean's breast—
Around the world he travels
And never sighs for rest.

“And friend and friend converse
Though many miles apart:
Soft tears fall in affection,
Heart knows another heart;
Sweet tales the Past related
And songs the dead have sung
We hear today repeated
By Lightning's wizard tongue.

‘‘The ship that rode the billow
According to the wind,
Sometimes in rapid movement
And often far behind.
Has conquered wind and weather
Without a sail or mast,
Now rides in grace and beauty
Through calm and wind and blast.

‘‘The tired, footsore traveler
The path no longer feels,
But sits on velvet cushions,
Borne off on rapid wheels;
Take all this world’s improvements,
Invention, love and lore,
Through all the backward ages,
What century hath done more?’’

So close the Book of Ages
Yet keep it in our view
Now raise the sable curtain
And welcome in the new
With shout and laugh and glory
To cheer the famous morn;
May every soul be ready
When the banner year is born.

And in its fair white forehead
May noble thoughts arise
To lead us bravely onward
In journeys true and wise.
And may our magic fingers
And hearts of purer mould
Aspire to greater labors
Than all the Past has told.

May every purpose noble be
And loyal every course
And above our great forefathers
Arise our righteous laws;
We want no idle dreamer
To lead us through the strife,
But a young and faithful doer
Holding country dear as life.

We have before our vision
The portrait of a child
With a grand and brilliant future,
So brave and yet so mild,
And in his quiet bosom
From stain of passion free
Is the type of passing actions
In the century yet to be.

Fair child, behold that tower
That lives in freedom's air;
It took sad, patient hours
To plant those columns there;
'Tis built of blood and sorrow,
Many a sad, deserted home,
And life and love of heroes
Shine from its massive dome.

But you must build one greater,
Without carnage, strife or groan,
And Freedom be the motto
'Graved on the corner stone;
In all historic ages,
As transient hours flee,
May your greatness live forever
In the centuries yet to be.





'Tis Only a Rose.

'Tis only a rose, withered and faded,
Its beauty has fled with the time and the tide;
Its ordor for rankness grim Time has traded,
But it once decked the breast of my blushing bride.

On our wedding eve both Nature did cherish,
'Neath trophies and robes her dear bosom did heave;
But 'neath the stroke of the Harvester both alike perished,
And I keep it in memory of our wedding-eve.



"How dear to my heart is this country of ours."

This Country of Ours.

How dear to my heart is this country of ours!
Protected by love and garnished with flowers.
She arises to-night the highest in fame:
Not a cloud o'er her brow, not a blot on her name—
I love every acre from East unto West,
The North and the South are as fair as the rest.

I love the bright East where the Puritans trod
And knelt on the Sabbath to worship their God;
Oh, Ocean Atlantic, in rolling you boast
Of hamlets and cities that border thy coast;
In pride thy blue waves kiss the sands of the West
As our rivers refresh thy bosom of rest.

Oh, stately old Boston, abreast with the tide,
While the waves of the moon o'er thy mansions do ride;
As in fancy I wander there arises to me
The city of Charleston that stands by the sea;
The hills of Columbia and the blue waters meet,
As the spirits unite when our hearts are complete.

I love the dear South where lemons do grow
And the odor of orange daily falls from the blo':
Where gay mocking birds are ever in tune
And the flowers of March are the blossoms of June;
Where the broad Mississippi rolls down to the sea
Thro' a land just as pure as her waters are free.

I love the great West with its prairies so wide,
The hunter's delight and the Indian's pride;
Where the Yellowstone flows from dark caves far away,
Thro' the night of the forest to the prairie of day;
Where the peaceful Pacific on its shimmering breast
Bears the mariner's barque sailing into the west.

I love the lone North, the rock and the vine,
The deep bay of cedars, the whispering pine,
The crimson hedged lake, the green bordered rill,
The moss covered valley, the leaf buried hill
Where trails the wild myrtle and adder tongues grow.
Oh, how can you blame me for loving it so?

The plains are all covered with bushes and flowers.
The thrush and the robin sing sweet in their bowers;
The green ever tender, the brake curleth low,
The trailing arbutus blooms under the snow;
The barefooted boys in cold brooklets play.
• Where the trout and the grayling are restless as they.

On the banks of a lake so calm and so clear
The maples are yellow its margin so near;
The wanderer sits on Traverse Bay shore
And lists to the lake in its September roar;
The lapsing waves splash close, close by his feet.
Oh, blest be my country so tranquil and sweet.





Master Earl Clarence Lewis.

*"The starry flag that floats above
Is loved by one and all."*

The Flag of Columbia.

The starry flag that floats above
Is loved by one and all,
The rich and great from every state
And they of lowly call.
The woods were heavy, damp and dark,
Sad closed the stormy day,
When 'mid the tall and rocking trees
A hero knelt to pray:

“Our Father, Thou hast made men free
In other lands and days;
If Thou wilt hear our voice
We shall give Thee all the praise.
We soon shall hold aloft a sign
To follow day and night
Until we gain the victory
Or perish in the fight.

“A piece of soil we truly love
Is named for every star;
We read the meaning o'er our hearth,
We prove the rest in war.
We shall hold our banner in our hand,
While dawns the nation's birth,
And look across a burdened land
Where grape shot plows the earth.

“No spirit cheers the youth who falls
Along his native stream;
No ensign marks our council halls
Where greatest statesmen dream;”
And then our noble Washington
The old world much amazed
When the Stars and Stripes, red, white and blue,
In Freedom's cause was raised.

The soldiers bore it through the fight,
They loved its starry breast;
It climbed the hill at Bunker,
It conquered all the West:
It floats above the noble dead
That gazed on it and smiled,
For Independence gave up earth,
Then passed it to his child.

No tongue can tell where it shall wave,
So distant floats it now.

Oh, who can guess how many gems
Shall crown the banner's brow;
It floats among united hills.

It binds us true and fast;
It waved at old Manila Bay,
It streamed from Dewey's mast.

But this we know, where'er they are,
No nation looks with scorn,
For not an idle moment marked
The day that flag was born.
It floats around the chapel arch
Where aged parsons pray;
It floats above the belfry tower
Where merry children play.

The stripes are as our fathers made,
Their rows we would not mar,
And as we add a noble state
We add a brilliant star
Too noble for the dust to stain,
And ah! too pure and free
To ever mould in prison walls
Bound down by lock and key.

The old flag floats in every state,
 Across the sea it flies,
Held by the arm of Freedom,
 Transplanted in the skies;
They who bear it on foreign shores
 Among the noble slain
Are strong and bold as they march on
 That justice still may reign.

Emblems on all other flags,
 The notches and the bars,
Hang low, submissive and in fear
 Beneath the Stripes and Stars.
Columbia! oh, the land of all,
 We love each hill and dell,
May our people never cease to praise
 The flag we love so well.



My Faithless Harp.

Ah, Music, twin of inner man,
Ancestor of all song!
Could I but hear my harp vibrate
That has been silent long.

And as I spoke my thirsty ear
Drank its refreshing strain;
Each word and deed, both good and bad,
It brought to mind again.

Oh, faithless harp and blighted tune
That cheered me in my youth,
If thou would cheer me in old age
Thou must not tell the truth.

Can the mirror hanging on the wall
Reflect our smiles for tears,
Or show a face of youth and bloom
For wrinkles and for years?

Ah, no, and thus my harp's sweet voice
Is locked in its proud heart;
It could not sing of perfect life
That had a bitter part.



"A beautiful gift in this country we have."

Bartholdi Statue.

A beautiful gift in this country have we
From our sister republic just over the sea,
And our gratitude flows from each habitation
To the bosom of those who have honored our Nation:

Great Goddess of Liberty on the rim of the sea
In the haven that leads to the Land of the Free;
A type of our union on thy brow we behold
When the sunset has crowned it with crimson and gold.

Columbia is there representing our land:
As unwilling we wander she gives us her hand;
Her lips seem to say, "Whene'er you return,
The red lamp of welcome bright as ever shall burn."

And when we have walked on another strange shore
And return to this beautiful haven once more,
She welcomes us back with her outstretching arm
And whispers, "Come in, I will shield thee from harm."

Just as patient she waits for our ships to return,
Just as genial in peace her red torch does burn,
She's as dauntless in war, just as noble and shrewd;
She stands warning all nations to "never intrude."

When the dark pall of night o'er the waves settles down
The harbor is lit by the stars of her crown,
And the sailor once lost in the trough of the sea
Is ushered by light to the Home of the Free.

In sunshine and shade, through trials and tears.
As the centuries cast their small handful of years,
Though bloodstained and weary be Columbia's fair brow,
Through all may this statue be graceful as now.

No pen can e'er reach it nor flattery charm
A wrong smile on thy lips or false gift from thy arm,
But undaunted and brave be the figure of thee
In the haven that leads to the Land of the Free.

Suggested by Mrs. Loraine Immen.



Polished Originals.

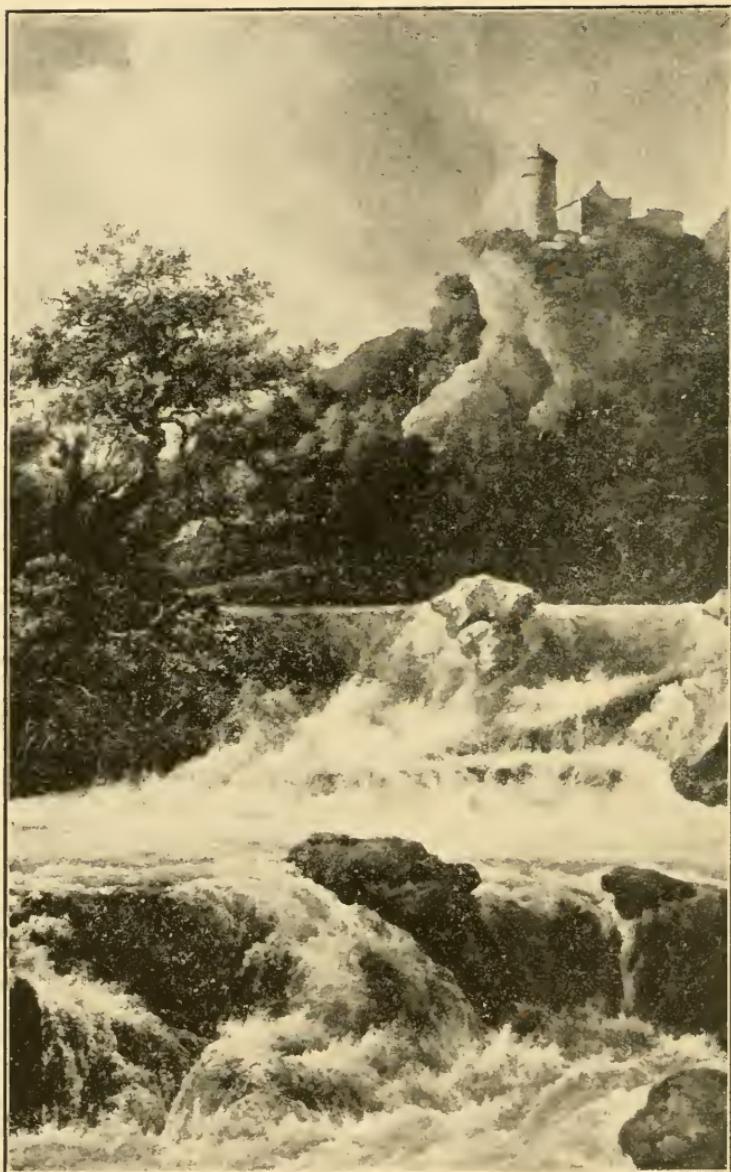
There grew a wealth of iron
Under a bed of clay,
In the bosom of a mountain
Far from the light of day.

The miner has found the iron.
The furnace has done its part.
The smith has tempered the metal
That slept in the mountain's heart.

It is shaped to nimble fingers
And placed in a stately tower
O'er a white and lettered dial
To show each passing hour.

In a wild untutored bosom,
Mingled with right and wrong,
Far from the gaze of mortals,
There slumbered the words of song!

But the miner-printer has found it,
The type has done its part:
Now the whole world reads the titles
That slept in the poet's heart.



“Where the brooks wash the rocks and the mountaineers dream.”

A Mountain Romance.

In a far-away state where the gray eagles scream,
Where brooks wash the rocks and the mountaineers dream,
A cabin once stood on the fair mountain side,
Where sycamores grew in the height of their pride.

Around this old cabin two small children played,
A beautiful boy and a neighbor's sweet maid;
'Mong caves and the cliffs they played without fears
And Time touched them light as he measured their years.

Far over the vale round the gray mountain's horn
Dwelt a rich haughty farmer with sections of corn.
He had only one son, who loved this sweet maid
That round the old cabin in summer-time played.

At twenty both loved the same little girl,
Whose eyes shone as bright as a Galilee pearl;
Each fondly adored her alone in the wild,
The same gentle lass they had known since a child.

The maiden was kind as a maiden could be,
With a breast full of love deep and pure as the sea;
She knew how to choose from Nature's own heart,
But knew not the feelings of manhood apart.

The son of the rich man very often would stray
To the home of the maiden that stood far away
Where the low shady ash and the red sumac grew
Around the old cabin half hidden from view.

He would tell her sweet stories of valor and lore,
Of maidens and lovers he had read of before,
Of soldiers and sailors, of battle and strife,
But never once uttered the sweetness of wife.

The maiden she looked at his visage so fair—
His azure blue eyes and heavy dark hair;
As she looked at the skies so majestic above
So she looked in his face in wonder, not love.

But when the still shade of evening stole down
And spread out her curtain so somber and brown
The mountaineer's boy sweet tales would relate
To the maid who awaited his step at the gate.

They talked of the birds and their own mountain flowers,
The buzzing of bees and the passing of hours;
They talked till the stars shone dimly above,
Then alone in the darkness they whispered their love.

Not alone, for a villain near by them had laid:
Like a viper he crouched with pistol and blade
And trembling awaited for the lovers to part
So the sword in his hand might rust in a heart.

The son of the rich man was concealed by the road
Where the other must pass to his humble abode,
And Jealousy drove a wild thought in his breast—
Till he gained the fair maiden he never could rest.

The sky it grows cloudy, the moon sinks from sight,
The murmuring lovers then whisper goodnight;
The mountaineer's son then travels the road
That leads o'er the hill to his father's abode.

But ere he has walked very far on his way
A villain confronts him and holds him at bay;
He makes a wild lunge at the mountaineer's heart:
But Fate bars the blow and that bosom apart.

Oh, could you have seen the bright flash of his eye
As he looked on the forest, the mountain and sky,
You would have known in a moment, as it glanced above,
That conquer he would—he was fighting for love.

He grappled the villain and downed him at length,
Placed his knee on his breast with his ponderous strength;
Then blow after blow—soon lifeless he lay;
Then the mountaineer stole to his cabin away.

Next morning the sheriffs in marshal array
Surrounded the cabin, took William away
To a far-away prison across the great plain,
With a sentence for life—"wear the ball and the chain."

In darkness for ages the weary years pass:
Oh, what would he give to see one blade of grass,
Take a look at the damsel he used to adore:
'Twould be heaven to see the old cabin once more.

The winters pass by and the beanties of May
Till twenty long years have gone to decay;
The children all flock to the edge of the town—
Old autumn has come and the chestnuts are brown.

All alone and in prison, in secret and strife,
With a sentence that reads, “just as long as your life,”
Sits the poor mountaineer all haggard and pale,
While his Mazie grows old as she weeps by the vale.

One eve as December spread out her sad gloom,
With his viol in his lap which was always in tune,
Again and again it repeats words of truth,
And in them he saw the sweet visions of youth.

It alone had consoled all his sorrow and tears:
Its voice had called back his earlier years;
Many times had he sank to his sad, pensive rest,
While the old-fashioned fiddle to his bosom was pressed.

And to-night as he sat so weary and lone
His viol repeated the sweetness of home;
It brought tears of repentance from the soul of his eyes
Like a shower of rain as it falls from the skies.

He had heard that the Governor of the state could play well
And make any fiddle its sweet music tell;
So at last he resolved he would write at his best
And send the old fiddle to tell him the rest.

The Governor was idle, his fire was bright,
His clerks were all gone, it was late in the night;
He was partially drowsy, when before him he spied
A coffin-shaped package very awkwardly tied.

He tore off the wrapper and to his delight
An old-fashioned fiddle was ushered in sight;
And a poorly scrawled note lay under the chords;
He walked to the light and he read these sad words:

“ I am sorry, Sir Governor, that I killed that poor man;
I have always repented as much as I can:
I was young and hot-headed and sorely afraid
Of the look in his face and the flash of his blade.

“ I meant not to kill him, I never once dreamed
He would die from those blows, so lightly they seemed,
But some wild, mad passion which was fighting inside
Added strength to the blows else he never would died.

“But if you’ll let me go back to the cliffs and the caves
Where the mountains are tall and the sycamore waves,
Far away from this prison that stands on the plain,
I never will harm anybody again.

“My parents are old and now need me there;
The maid of my choice has given them care,
And lists for my step and knock at the door,
That strangers oft tell her will echo no more.

“I have heard you could play by note and by ear
As beautiful strains as ever we hear;
So I’ll send my old fiddle along with the note—
Let the song of my heart freely gush from its throat.

“It is old like myself. I made it one day
When the flowers were in bloom in the sweetness of May;
The breath of the mountains was breathed on its strain;
With a touch of the finger it echoes again.

“It played to my sweetheart in fair harvest-time
The love of my bosom in crudest of rhyme;
And father and mother laughed loud in their joy
At the untutored skill of the poor mountain boy.

“If you don’t understand my meaning full soon
Put the viol in position—it is always in tune—
And draw the old bow o’er its sensitive breast—
In the sweetest of language it will tell you the rest.”

There were tears in the eyes of the Governor so keen
And a look in his face that seldom was seen,
A cloud o’er his brow, a lump in his throat,
A throb in his heart as he finished the note.

He took the old fiddle, on the grate placed his feet,
And touched the old strings and they vibrated sweet:
For the Governor was once but a poor mountain boy
And its echoing voices they filled him with joy.

He saw the old cabin and the sky overhead,
The daisies they bloomed and the sumac was red:
The birds loudly chirped in the joy of their tune—
The viol showed the mountains from June until June.

Now he sits with the boy at the feet of the maid
While he plays to his love in the summer-night shade:
Then he strays thro’ the woods in barefooted flight
And gathers the berries from morning till night.

In winter he sits by the logwood fire,
And smiles at the tunes as he plays to his sire:
In a musical rhyme he follows the boy
Thro' all of his beautiful pastures of joy.

While the old fiddle talked all its beautiful tune
And showed him the mountains from June until June
There stole one small strain more pure than the rest
From the soul of the chords to the Governor's breast.

The music then ceased—it had “told him the rest.”
In the fair tone of voice the richest and best,
And the gem that had given the Governor great joy
Had been caught from the heart of the poor mountain boy.

Then the Governor arose and sent for the boy,
Who received the great message with wonderful joy;
And ere many days had traveled them o'er
The mountaineer stood at the Governor's door.

He saw the old viol in a favorite place,
And he read the kind smile in the Governor's face,
And he felt an old spirit that had thrilled in his youth
And he whispered, “Dear Governor, did it tell you the
truth?”

“Yes, sir, it has told, in the purest of tale,
All the beautiful past from mountain to vale;
From the source of its heart, in one lovely strain,
It has said, ‘You may go to the mountains again.’”

“Thank God for this instrument I made in my youth!
Thank God for a leader who listens to truth!”
The prisoner exclaimed, amid his alarms,
Then around the great Governor threw both of his arms.

“You may go to your home—take the fiddle with you.
Let it lean on your breast, it is perfect and true.
Go back to the mountains, and never more stray
From the maid of your youth and thy parents so gray.”

One press of the hand and the prisoner was gone,
The Governor sat in his office alone:
Now the viol’s sweet chords lend a beautiful strain
As it breathes the pure air of the mountains again.



To The Star.

Oh, brilliant star to shine
So high up in your sphere,
Thou helps me to incline
To Christ my wayward ear.
Could my soul be as pure
As the sky where thou doth dwell,
I then could feel quite sure
My lifetime would be well.

Your twinkling pale beam
Lights a land that I know not,
A feeble sparkling stream
Of youth that I forgot.
Oh, when my last life's sand
Is sparkling in the glass,
By my Master's kind command
To thee on white wings may I pass.



Michigan's Capitol.

There stands a graceful city that Grand River does divide
And among the many steeples one looks aloft in pride
To the capitol's tall tower that arises firm and great
And speaks in benediction as the mother of the state.

I climbed the winding stairway among a noisy crowd
That shouted through the corridors with accents free and
loud;

High in the massive dome I stood, and a purer love in
creased

As I gazed upon the gravel that wandered to the East;

And as I gaze more steady in fancy I see now
The capitol at Washington that crowns Columbia's brow;
And many are the sights of fame and many the tears of woe
As on the Eastern journey our people come and go.

Another road leads southward where shines a scorching
sun

And sings the thrilling mockingbird when labors all are
done;

And once upon this roadway there marched a massive line
Of men with noble purpose in youth and hearty prime.

The clerk laid down his pencil, the farmer left his hoe,
With love and might and gift of right to quell our brethren
foe:

And legions after legions then marched this gravel o'er,
And some came back with victory and some came back no
more.

Our Michigan was strong in war and stood in grand array;
Full well the Southron soldier knew 'twould be no chil-
dren's play:

Like mountain eagles forth they dashed, tore Southron
banners down

And picked the deathly laurels to strew their native town.

How dear to those their city, how pure the country air,
For floods of blood have saved it from ruin and despair;
And those that sleep so far away where Southron waters
pour

We shall cover them with flowers and love forevermore.

Another road of somber shade leads to the distant West,
Where men all worn with cares of life go forth to quiet
rest;

They cross the tranquil prairie and by the mountains dream,
They gaze upon the landscape and linger by the stream.

Who would not love to wander far o'er the Western sphere,
Where skip in pride o'er the divide the antelope and deer?

Oh, tall and ragged mountain and oh, deep gorge and glen,
You hold in mystic wonder the minds of able men.

Another road strays northward, where mossy lowland lies,
Where flow the icy brooklets through the Indian's paradise.
The trees are trimmed in beauty by Nature's magic palm,
The lakes in peace do slumber with bosom soft and calm.

Here snow falls deep in winter and sleighbells loudly ring
When o'er the route men gayly shout from fall till early spring;

And as the lily decks the woods the farmers deck the hills,
And smoke does rise up to the skies from many scattered mills.

And o'er this road the farmers come in blessed harvest time
With golden sheaves and yellow corn and fruit from tree
and vine;

Unto our college come their sons as young and brave as they

When first they hewed the yellow oak or plowed the virgin clay.



C. A. Gowers' Residence.

And near our stately capitol within its massive shade
Does stand a noble statue that some gifted sculptor made;
But more gifted than that sculptor and twice beloved and
 dear
Is the true, devoted statesman he has carved in marble here
That hero looked beyond the toil with hopes serene and
 great;
While he loved his home and nation he idolized his state;
He smiled upon the cities and rural homes of rest
And for the gallant soldier boy soft heaved his tender breast.

While gazing in his visage our eyes we can't control,
For the love of state and country flows from our inner soul;
Each message that is chiseled is earnest, true and just;
They echo through the ages while he moulders in the dust.

The sire and his children through all the future years
Will look with admiration and turn away in tears.

Oh, Blair, so true and gallant! No pen can ever praise
The man who gave his labor to make our peaceful days.

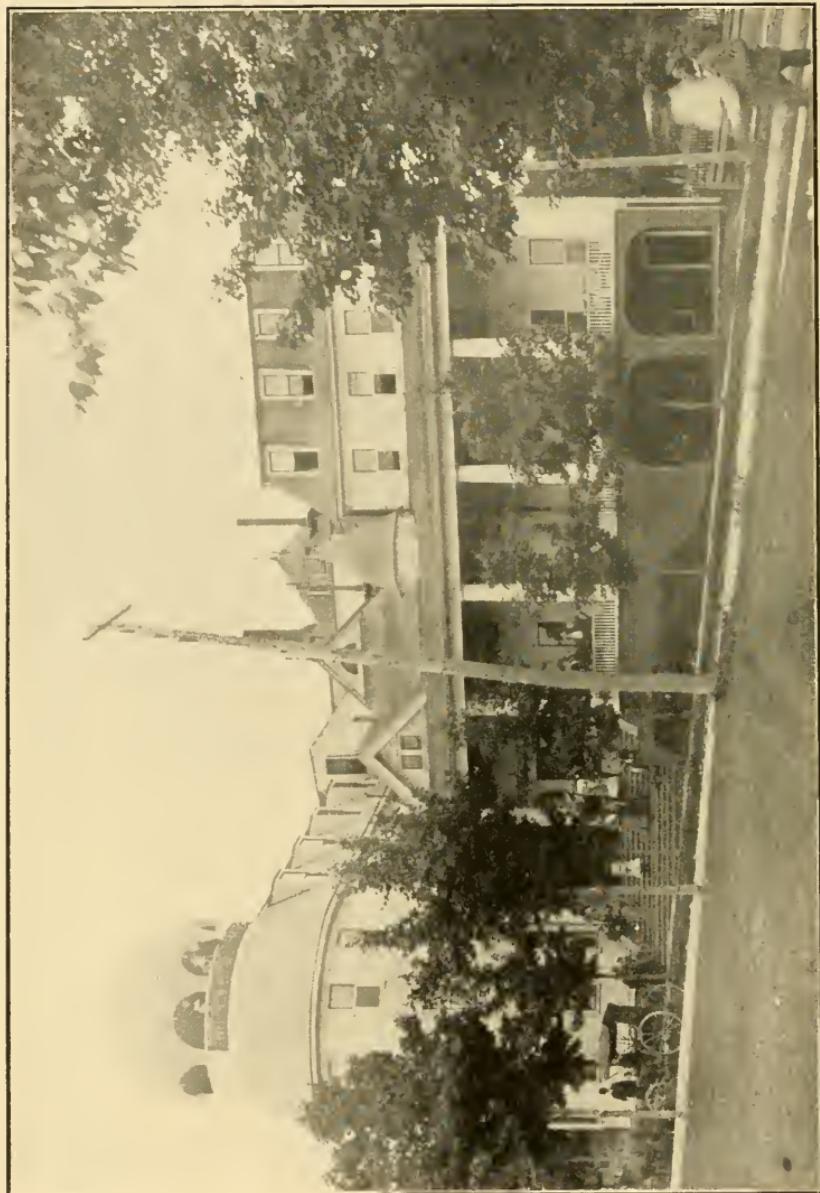
There are fair and pleasant mansions around the stately
square

Filled with those who labored to plant those pillars there;
And may the happy children be true and strong of mind
And take the high positions their parents leave behind.

Oh, fair, fair is the city and silent is the stream
That thrills the pulse of statesman and paints the poet's
dream.

May youth and charming maiden feel noble, wise and great
When falls the benediction from the mother of the state.





Imperial Hotel.

Around Little Traverse Bay.

I know a pretty city on a bay not far away,
Petoskey fair and quiet, the travelers always say:
Around its shores at midnight we hear the shout of mirth
And close by, almost, a river arises from the earth.

There strays the pleasure seeker from office, store and
school,
To breathe the cleansing breezes and drink its waters cool;
Here rich and noble people from many mansions stray
To spend in Nature's bosom the sultry summer day.

There mighty pine are tossing and cool is the cedar shade
And straight the brown old tamarack and all is Nature
made;
How loath we are in leaving when autumn settles gray
O'er the crimson hills that shelter Petoskey on the bay.



"The bay is so majestic in soft and quiet rest."

The bay is so majestic in soft and quiet rest
And kissed by golden sunbeams that come there from the
west:
And many brooklets empty into its waters clear,
Where swims the duck so graceful and drinks the nimble
deer.

Around this pretty city is a wilderness of joy
For man of age and reason and little maid or boy;
The hunter lights his fire, the fisher baits his hook,
There sit the happy lovers and watch the flowing brook.

And nestled on the bay where sinks the golden sun between
Charlevoix and Harbor Point Bay View is easy seen,
Where men and women gather in Nature's cool retreat
In the auditorium to listen to lectures rare and sweet;

And there on Sabbath mornings their sacred voices blend,
When every leaf around them nods a soft amen.
Oh, lecturers so welcome and ministers so kind,
May all who hear your voices some golden lesson find.

Some wander thro' the forest until the day is spent,
Then in a moisty valley they pitch their little tent;
And just as day is breaking the first May morning beam
Behold the early tourist is fishing in the stream.



“Behold the early tourist is fishing in the stream.”

Who would not call this pastime to play with Nature's
child
Through all the woodsy valleys in pleasures strange and
wild,
To follow up the river as curves it in and out,
To pick the fat young partridge and fry the speckled trout?

A faithful child of Nature could never wander there,
Behold its woods and waters so placid and so fair,
But some deep inspiration does thrill him night and day
Which shows a living picture of summer cities on the bay.





"How her reflection paints our peaceful lake."

Fife Lake.

How pure and fair doth seem the azure sky,
How soft the breezes our summer blossoms shake,
How easy floats the moon 'mid planets high,
How her reflection paints our peaceful lake.

Oh, could our lives now mixed with smiles and tears
Turn back to rosy moments when a boy
And tread again the paths of other years
As those moonbeams and dance o'er waves of joy.

Could we but leave our cares and trials all
And wander off in joy and endless ease
And join our pleasure with the magic foam
To sparkle bright o'er undiscovered seas.

But gold or diamonds with their mortal power
Or skill or talent wrought by labor's cast
Cannot call youth back one merry hour,
For men assert it is forever past.

Yes, dreams and romance oft do ask a part
Within the suburbs of a careless hour;
They melt a chord of virtue in our heart
And flow our spirits back to childhood power.

May the moonbeams in eternal glean
Kiss the soft foam upon our lake's pure breast
And brilliant future not oppose our dream
Or woeful tidings wound our narrow rest.

So glass away bordered by grassy hills
And shaded by the overhanging tree:
Be made pure by brimming woody rills,
But only flattered by such men as me.





The Robin's First Song.

The sun with its glories had sunk to the west,
Its last beams were dying on the high mountaincrest;
'Twas the first eve of spring, the wind softly blew.
The buds in the forest began to undo.

My soul was o'erjoyed because the prospect was bright,
The throb in my bosom beat merry and light,
When my ear caught a sound as it floated along,
Then my spirits rose higher. 'twas the robin's first song.

How sweet it sounded as it pierced the dark dell,
'Twas the first bird of spring, how the rapture did swell;
My faith it was strong as the glee of a child
And I thought that Nature in her loveliness smiled,

Although in this hour—and isn't it queer?—
The scene on my vision drew forth a tear.
Oh, where was the spirit, in what mantle clad,
That on this bright evening made me so sad?

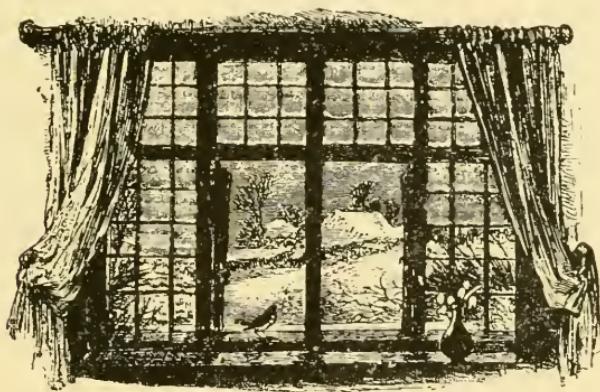
The feeling that arose was for a form dear,
A sweet loving sister that slumbered quite near,
One I loved and cherished, and lived with so long—
She died as out echoed the robin's last song.

She lies in the churchyard thro' the long spring day
And slumbers the hours of sunshine away;
When the red sun sinks westward, eve murmurs along,
Unheard by her echoes, the robin's sweet song.

Sleep on, gentle sister, till the last spring day
With its songs and its sunshine is folded away;
Then an angel of mercy will bear you to that shore
Where the birds and the springtime shall never be o'er.

Sing on, happy robin, make the spring bright,
Let your song fill each mortal with purest delight;
Spring wouldn't be spring. 'twould be lonesome and long,
If nowhere could be heard the robin's sweet song.

I shall never forget the robin's sweet lay
When my form it is bent and I'm wrinkled and gray;
I shall weep thro' the winter so dreary and long
And smile when spring comes and the robin's first song.





“How white is thy bark and how blithe is thy blossom.”

The Birch Trees.

How white is thy bark and how blithe is thy blossom:
Oh, could we repose 'neath thy snowflaky bosom!
The soft winds of summer disturb thy sweet rest:
Of all trees in the forest thou art sweetest and best.

On thy thin bark the wandering maiden
Writes loving notes in novelty laden,
Ties them so daintily with the wood-vine
And sends to her lover in sweet summertime.

Oh, beautiful birch, fairest child of the forest,
Where goldfinches sit and deliver their chorus.
How sweetly they sway in thy flowery bosom:
So white is thy bark and blithe is thy blossom.

The Country Schoolhouse.

The schoolhouse sits close by the wood,
'Tis built as plain as farmers could:
No brackets on, no colored paint,
It serves without any complaint.

The seats within are made of pine
The teacher's desk is neither fine,
Tho' very true, but strange to tell,
It affords no map, not even a bell.

But the grass around is fresh and green,
No place can show a gayer scene
With lovely flowers, rich and rare—
The wild bird's song fills the air.

The forests 'neath the land breeze lean
And rays of sun shine in between,
The woodbine thickens the maple boughs
To cool the shade for the panting cows.

The little children with bare brown feet,
With hair slick combed and faces neat,
Wrap up their books and haste to school
With merry laugh through forests cool.

They play upon the grassy slope,
And lightly jump the swinging rope
Till the teacher's watch with timely sense
Proclaims that studies shall commence.

They slow tread in, not very still,
And take their seats as scholars will,
Pick up their books without delay,
Begin their studies for the day.

The pretty teacher, gowned in pink,
Instructs aright, each and all think;
It makes each fleeting moment blessed.
So well they answer her request.

With toils profound in kindly ways
They quickly spend the summer days,
When teacher and children with baskets bare
Home to their evening rest repair.

While I am writing of this scene
A shadow passes like a dream,
In smiling eyes start bitter tears,
I see the picture of future years:

These little children with their plays
In fleeting time have lost their ways,
While 'round the country filled with toil
They work their vanished fathers' soil.

They have made their love, chosen a bride,
Have settled down, the people's pride;
No more they roam thro' forests cool,
For long has closed for them the school.

The little teacher that once was young,
Gray hairs her locks are found among;
The hues her blushing cheeks have fled,
Her whispering lips no more are red.

Her step is slow, not as it used to be,
Her laugh contains not half the glee;
Sorrow has dimmed her laughing eyes,
And Time has hoarsed her clear replies.

Her plans are altered now in life—
She long has been a faithful wife;
At home she teaches the golden rule,
And midnight dreams bring back her school.

In dreams she sighs for these faded hours,
Her little school, her youthful bowers;
God touched her cheek with his magic skill;
Praise unto him, I love her still.

A cloud is laid o'er the outlived years,
My eyes are dimmed with the flow of tears;
The courage that I did attain
Has slowly melted into pain,

For in this wizard glass I saw
A sight that filled my mind with awe.
What was it? you ask; I haven't told—
It was my picture, and I was old.

Furrows were there to welcome Death,
My heart too old to harbor breath,
My eyes too dim to find my way,
My form returning then to clay.

I closed my eyes upon this sight,
Ope'd them again, and all was right:
The old schoolhouse again was new,
The teacher young and pupils, too.

Thanks to the Lord, I'm young once more,
My heart beats lightly as before.
A few more years, then youth adieu,
This told illusion will be true.



We Drank from the Same Dipper Then.

How well I remember the schoolhouse so brown
That stood on a hill in the edge of the town
'Neath the blue vaulting arch of New England skies,
Where broad rivers run, and tall mountains rise.

In the old grassy yard we children all played.
Each barefooted boy and rosy-cheeked maid:
We knew not the cares of women and men,
When thirsty we drank from the same dipper then.

The greatest on earth, the salt of our land,
Who created the Nation are still in command:
Be they humble and poor, in rural communion,
They often are chosen the rock of our Union.

For honor and country they give up their life,
They lead us to glory through oceans of strife;
How dearly we love all those heroic men!
When as boys we drank from the same dipper then.

Longfellow and Hawthorne were born to be great—
In boyhood we knew them as Henry and Nate:
Together they sat in the old village school,
While an old-fashioned master continued to rule.

There was Harriet Stowe and Caroline Hart
Sat over opposite, an aisle apart;
When the water was passed by an urchin of ten
They drank from the same rusty tin dipper then.

Some are over the sea far away from the joys
That thrilled the young hearts of maidens and boys,
Some sleep 'neath the breast of the never still waves,
Not a tear nor a flower falls on their graves.

Some sleep on the hills near a monument gray,
How bitter tears fell as was shoveled the clay;
Ten thousand lie wrapped in the National blue,
The innocent schoolmates who studied with you.

And of those that are left, ah, where do they drink?
In that realm meditation let's loiter and think:
Some drink from a brook as it flows in its glee
In its beautiful bed to the breast of the sea:

And some humbly drink where a spring bubbles up,
With their lips to the tide, without goblet or cup;
And some from a sideboard with glasses so fine
In luxury quaff the richest of wine.

Oh, say, will we ever return to our joys,
The swing for the girls, the kite for the boys?
Will we ever surround the old bucket at school,
In turn drink its water so fresh and so cool?

Will we play on the grass or lie in the shade,
Each curly-haired boy, each rosy-cheeked maid?
No, the mountains may move to the depth of the sea,
But hours of childhood return not to me.

We are heirs to the cares of the world and its smarts,
We are children again by reflection of hearts;
Who would not regret and think till the last
Of our innocent youth, of the beautiful past?

Untrue is the reaper who loves not the field
When the harvest is o'er with its bountiful yield,
And manhood is false, unseasoned with truth,
Who loves not the flowery pastures of youth.

We children are one, we walk the same sod,
We honor one ensign, we worship one God,
And deep in our breast as the brook in the glen
We taste the pure waters of childhood again.

Mary Maxwell.

In an old and sleepy hamlet
Nursed beneath two mighty hills
On the margin of a river
Watered by a hundred rills
Stood a humble rustic cabin
Hidden by the holly vine,
Where a gay and happy maiden
Sweetly sang in summer-time.

All the village loved the maiden,
Yet she never dreamed of fame,
Toiling with her aged parents—
Mary Maxwell was her name.
Far across an Eastern ocean
Sailed an outcast to this land,
Sought this old sequestered village,
Won fair Mary's heart and hand.

When arbutus decked the hillside
And the early rose was red
William Drake, the handsome stranger,
And Mary Maxwell then were wed.
Then he reared a humble bower
Close beside her father's cot
Planted many a gorgeous flower
And the sweet forget-me-not.

'Neath his window twined the glories
In the transitory shade,
Where the spider wove his fibers,
And his fingers plied the spade;
He labored thro' the sultry summer
And the raw and rainy fall,
Thro' the bleak and cruel winter
Till he heard the bluebirds call.

“ Mary, dear,” began the husband,
“ I have a cottage reared in style
Far away in tranquil England
That is waiting for your smile.
Will you cross the troubled billows,
Bid your parents fond adieu
And enjoy the wealth and title
That are waiting there for you? ”

Smiling through her falling teardrops,
She willing sighed her last farewell:
Picked a rose beneath the window
And a pansy from the dell:
Two thin locks of half-white tresses
'Tween her Bible leaves were pressed,
But the rose and velvet pansy
Bloomed upon her heaving breast.

Fearful things were then predicted—
She would never come there more
To the hamlet where the roses
Bloomed above her father's door:
Many a face was sad and troubled,
Teardrops fell like April rain
As she left her quiet cabin,
Sailed across the Eastern main.

Now they leave the restless steamer,
In a carriage roll away
'Mong the hawthorns and the maples
In the morning dress of May.
“ Mary, dear, behold that castle.
You left a cabin for my sake.
Henceforth you are Lady Mary—
I'm the son of Francis Drake.”

For many years this noble couple
Have been sleeping with the dead:
An hundred times the leaves have rustled
And the roses have been red:
But their true, untarnished lesson
Touched the heart of this rough sage
And inspired a willing pencil
That is never stiff with age.

Few young damsels fair and charming
Will share the wormwood and the smart
To look beneath a ragged bosom
And love a pure and noble heart.
Should some honest-hearted lover
Ask you to wander for his sake
Think of charming Mary Maxwell
And the loyal William Drake.



The humblest Birth.

There grew by a woodsy streamlet
Deep in the forest shade
The purest fragrant flower
That Nature ever made.

The wild wolves howled around it,
The trees were tall and drear;
Joy to this spot was a stranger
And man was seldom here.

A gifted traveling gardener
Discovered this flower one day
And bore it from the forest
To a city far away,

Where the nobles of a Nation
 Gathered in their pride,
Where finest art was pampered
 And Nature turned aside.

But all wondered at the flower;
 It was planted then with care,
In a golden gorgeous garden
 Where the scene was ever fair.

By the side of that selfsame streamlet
 A pioneer did roam:
Chopped down the waving forests
 And built a cabin home.

And in that rude-built cabin,
 The humblest spot on earth,
To a bright and bine-eyed infant
 A mother there gave birth.

Once there came a noble statesman
 To that cabin home so wild
And saw the brilliant talent
 Showered on this little child.

And from that humble cabin
He lured the child one day
Far away to a city's splendor,
Where were lords in grand array.

He sighed o'er all his playthings,
From each was loath to part,
And most of all the cabin
Where he grew in Nature's heart.

His fame spread beyond the city.
He was known with love and pride,
And next we see him chosen
To be the Nation's guide.

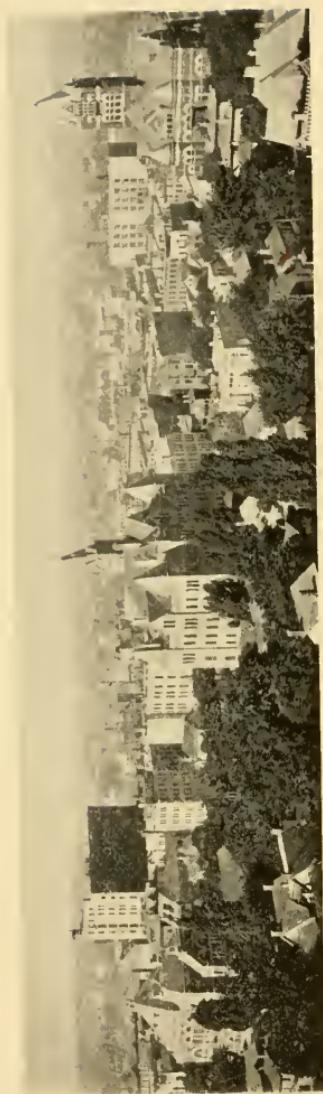
One morn he early wandered
E're the sun had drunk the dew
And viewed with pride his garden
Where a brilliant flower grew.

Here while the city slumbered
They met again on earth;
They grew alike together,
The same spot gave them birth.

So the fairest work that Nature
Or man can e'er portray
May be parted for a season,
But will meet some future day.

And the purest man and flower
That ever blest our earth
Are the ones that here are pictured,
And they had the humblest birth.





The City of Grand Rapids.

The City on the Grand.

To-night I've been wandering slowly around
Through parks and groves and level ground;
I rode through the valley by terrace and hills.
By churches and towers and mansions and mills.
I am amazed at the growth of our city so grand,
So I'll take the thoughts of my mind in my hand.
On a clear blank page with my idle pen
Reveal my views to other men.

I rode from Oakdale down over the ridge
And crossed the river on Leonard street bridge.
The artist that painted a purple sea
Was painting a shadowy image of me;
He had painted the bridge with his magical beam
On the living canvas of the running stream.
At last in Nature's realm I was lost
On the iron bridge where Pearl street crossed.

Then I thought of the time when in their pride
The willows kissed the riverside,

When the Redman's arrow skimmed the evening mist
And his children chased after the Will-o'-the-wisp;
And I thought of when the hunter's rifle spoke
And the ax was hid in the virgin oak;
Before the plow broke the glebe that soured the land
And sweetened the spot for our city to stand.

We have temples of worship for prayer and for praise,
And schools where our children are taught modern ways;
We have a home for the orphan, the mangled and old,
No mortal may suffer with hunger or cold.
We have a grand home for old Masons to rest—
'Twas a love fraternal put the thought in their breast:
Our hall and our courthouse are built upon rocks,
We have long streets of asphalt and towering blocks.

We have a home for our soldiers to spend their last hours,
And those that are gone we have covered with flowers,
And raised in their memory a monument just
To show that their deeds in our hearts never rust;
In our park stands an image no shade can obscure—
His brow was so noble, his heart was so pure;
He chiseled the platform in toil and renown
And garnished the rock where we built up our town.

We fashion the maple, the birch and the oak
To sideboards and tables, to felly and spoke;

We have no rival city—in the furniture line

We make all you can mention, and of latest design;
And greenhouses where roses in winter do bloom,
And churchyards where heroes rest under the tomb;

Our suburbs are dressed in a wild fragrant gown,
Enticing the country to dwell with the town.

Take and banish a man from our city so fair
O'er the sea to some country he always thought rare,

An inferior flag floats stale on the breeze

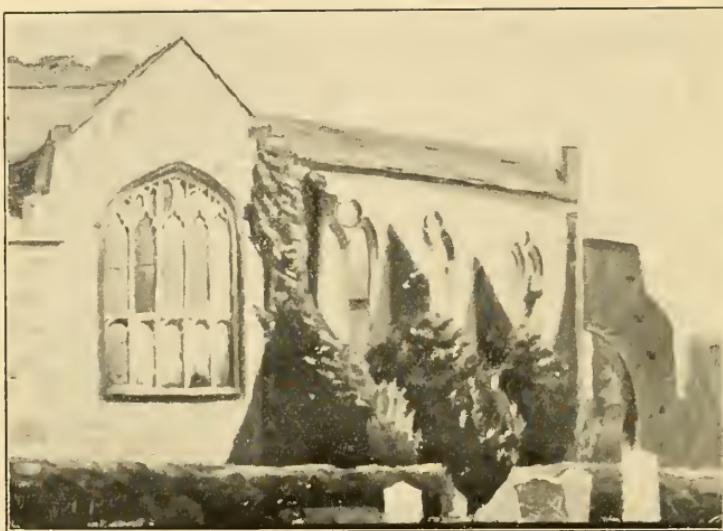
And no freedom or love on its margin he sees:
But, let him return where his innocent voice
Called brother and sister and girl of his choice,

Every tree, every church, every stepstone is bright
And he never knew bliss was on earth till tonight.

As the ship of our Nation plows over the seas
And lends all her streamers to swell in the breeze

May we see our own flag like a dove sailing there,
Majestic and bright through soft azure air;

May the hum of our city be busy and loud
And the smoke of the factories curl up to the cloud:
May our ensign be graceful and high as the rest
And never repose on her billowy breast.



*“His first love had slept many summers away
In the rear of the church, where men lifted the day.”*

The Old Parish Church.

An old man was sitting alone by the way;
He was ragged and dusty, wrinkled and gray.
"Oh, show me," he murmured. "the gay blooming birch
That shaded the steps of the old parish church."

"There in youth I was christened and in middle life
By its old-fashioned altar I wedded a wife:
Sweet June was in glory, abloom was the birch—
Oh, show me the way to the old parish church."

"Cross over this meadow and climb yonder stile
By the cool flowing Avon—'tis scarcely a mile:
There stands all alone a straggling birch,
It weeps o'er the ruins of the old parish church."

Next morning a peasant was passing that way.
On the old crumbled steps an aged sire lay
With his eyes closed forever 'neath the storm-beaten birch;
He had died all alone by the old parish church.

His first love had slept many summers away
In the rear of the church, wheré men lifted the clay:
Now nearly forgotten by the old dying birch,
They are resting together near the old parish church.

Her Spirit Still Lives.

Who could be sorry or regret
When such a soul her Lord has met?
The cross was heavy that she bore,
But it's laid down forevermore.

Her heavenly robe is matchless white,
Her priceless crown is diamond bright;
Her eyes have ope'd in the realms of peace,
Her praise begun to never cease.

Her grace and faith are perfect now,
No more earth's storms beat 'gainst her brow;
A prayer was shaped by her latest breath—
The message came, and the pall of death.

Oh, sinners now who seek for mirth
And flume away the years of earth,
Some day in tears and gloomy moan
You must bid adieu to a worldly home.

Your friends so kind may love you dear,
Through rosy hours hover near;
But maidens fair nor warriors brave
Can go no farther than the grave.

So sinks the house of crumbling clay
From the eyes of friends, from blazing day;
She safely lies beneath the sod,
But her spirit lives in the home of God.

The hand that stills the howling storm,
The hand that shapes the mountain's form,
The hand that paints the ocean's wave
Marks Resurrection o'er her grave.



There Is a Time.

There is a time to dance,
There is a time to sing,
There is a time to play,
A time for everything.

There is a time to sow,
There is a time to reap,
There is a time to smile,
There is a time to weep.

There is a time to love,
There is a time to wed,
There is a time to mourn
O'er our beloved dead.

But most of time we need
Is to spend in silent prayer
To teach the erring soul
That watchword to Beware.

So dance when dance is good,
And sing when song is ripe,
For man and child and matron
Hear every song you pipe.

And sow when spring is young.
And reap when summer's old;
Keep well the garnered sheaves
All crowned with grains of gold:

And love where love can't die,
And wed in early June;
Then every chord of life
Will peal in perfect tune.





"Over the meadows and over the trees."

Autumn Days.

Over the meadows and over the trees
And over the billows that bound,
To the east and the west in the breath of the breeze,
A shadow is closing around;
The children's soft eyes shower sad tears
Because their loved flowers decay,
And their kind sires, weak'ned with years,
Look sad for spring faded away.

The youths and the maidens whispering love
Stop in the joy of their tale;
Lower their hands from sworn vows above
To 'brace the grim breath of the gale.
For it came from the breast of a summer so gay
That brought many pleasures to those.
They hate to see it pass on to decay
And cold winter come on with its snows.

Summer was young but a few months ago,
Her roses were red with full bloom;
Her valleys were green, her sunshine did glow
And her bosom contained not a gloom;
But Time's blighting touch withered the rose
And turned the green valleys to brown,
On Eternal's lost realm laid them to repose
And bade autumn's wilds settle down.

It's just so in life, youth's blossoms are fair,
Our cheeks are red with its bloom;
Our foreheads are covered with dark wavy hair
And our bosoms enwrap not a gloom.
But soon rolling years lead us on to mature
And robs the red cheek of its hue;
The battles of life we then can endure
If our bosoms are perfect and true.



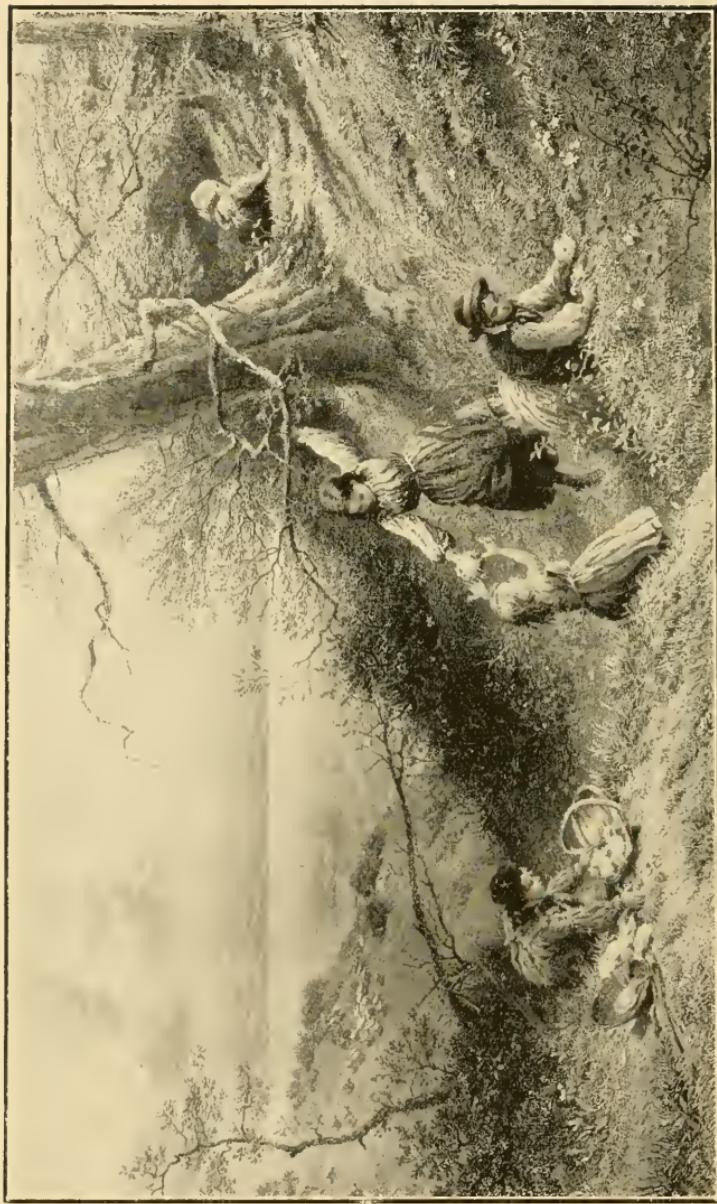
Morning.

The brilliant sun is rising
With its partial slanting rays,
Shoots across the mossy valley,
Sets the hilltop all ablaze
With a soft, warm crimson color,
In which the robin dips her wing,
Then swells her throat with richer music
To the glory of the spring.

And the bluebird pipes her carols
O'er the meadows far away,
As she bathes in the reflection
Of the newborn king of day.
Through the meadows fresh and dewy,
Robed with tender blades of grass,
Newly from his sunkissed pillow
The farmer's son does lightly pass.

NOT THE MORAL.

Now I love the chanting robin
And the farmboy's gentle call,
But I love the farmer's daughter
Ten times better than them all.



"We see the flowers that decked the plain and spring is green in our souls again."

The Springtime.

The spring is here with all the cheer
That doth revive with any year;
The cold and dreary blust'ry day
Has sweetly softened into May;
The sheep are nibbling o'er the hills,
The fish are dancing in the rills,
The butterflies feast on the flower,
The children laugh within their bower.

Adown yon vale of bush and moss
Full many a fern the breezes toss,
Full many a violet blue and lone
Doth nod around the mossy stone;
Hard by the spring a brook does rise
And thro' the cresses a pathway hies
And turns itself in rolling glee
Around the roots of an old elm tree.

Its banks are fairest ever seen,
Its bed a pebbly gold ravine.
The hills along its joyful way
Are greener than the ocean's bay.
The robin hops upon the grass
And drinks from Nature's looking glass.
The cowslip turns its yellow eye
Where flows the tiny brooklet by.

We leave the brook so loved and gay
To chatter o'er its stony way,
And turn to view the country all,
Each tree and bush both great and small.
And small farm boys, some eight or nine,
Gathering fern and running pine
To deck the loveliest, prettiest maid
To be May queen of all who played.

The adder tongue from forest deep,
Arbutus from the hillside steep,
Bluebells from the distant glade,
White lilies from the early shade.
Red roses from the open plain
And violets from the pasture lane
Are plucked with care by hands so dear
To garland o'er the future year.

How happy were we in those days
When from the east the sunbeams blazed,
When for sweet flowers we children strolled,
More blest than man in search of gold,
Down a ravine of checkered shade
Where arbutus blooms a carpet made;
The fragrant pink, the heavenly white
Were garnered there in pure delight.

Oh, blessed Spring, do tarry here,
The essence of each rolling year;
If thy soft voice the flowers ope
Thou bring'st us love and tender hope.
'Twas in thy reign we learned to woo
The favorite love our childhood knew,
And when thy roses blushed in red
We chose our sacred time to wed.

But various seasons come and go.
The raindrops chase the dancing snow.
But ever when spring has blossomed green
Our hearts look back to that cool ravine;
We see the maidens dancing spry
With bosoms light as a butterfly.
We see the flowers that decked the plain
And spring is green in our souls again.



The Tragedy of Mackinac Island.

'Twas in September when the rain
Began to fall o'er woods and main
And autumn frosts made green leaves red
And pretty flowers drooped their head
And summer birds soared in flocks
And bade farewell to trees and rocks
And waved their wings, then explore
The forests of more southern shore:
The venturer now leaves his track
Upon the Isle of Mackinac.

But one morn dawned so clear,
So calm and warm was the atmosphere,
That all the seekers of delight
Led up their sports with prospects bright;
On bicycle and velocipede
For a round of pleasure bent their speed
Amid the hum of the resort
In all its style and pleasant sport;
Dressed in fall coat and autumn frock,
A couple walked towards "Sugar Loaf Rock."

They were only lovers could plain be seen
By the shy glances passed between
And pretty words upon his part
Which sank into her willing heart.
A vessel came the eve before
Which brought from a distant shore
One Scottish lass from a highland cot
To see a lad not yet forgot
Those selfsame two of whom I write,
With eyes of blue and tresses light,

As other folks were shortly bound
To see the curious rocks around.
At last the winding gravel bed
Pictured plain "Sugar Loaf" ahead,
A towering rock extending high
To meet the blows of an angry sky,
Blackened o'er by ages past,
Hardened by the wintry blast,
A shapeless rock where warriors climbed,
Where cedar boughs used to twine.

'Twas here the maid of savage birth
Indulged in wild uncivil mirth:
Here she would wait in the evening clear
For her red lover to appear.

'Twas here they framed their vows of love,
Swore by the rock that towered above
To loyal be as lovers should—
At least the sovereigns of the woods:
Around this rock so firm and tall
Hovered the pleasure seekers all.
Then spoke he with pallid brow,
"Unto 'Arch Rock' let's wander now."

A curious thing, a hollow stone.
The "all-seeing eye" of "the island home,"
Where one beholds the billows blue,
The azure sky and forest, too.
She shuddered, as here they delayed,
And lowly whispered, "I am afraid."
He further added, "A look or two
At this grand freak I guess will do,"
Then turning 'round said, "Polly, dear,
'Robinson's Folly' is very near."

They followed up the path so long,
With many an echoing ancient song;
He pushed the cedar boughs awry
For this fair maiden to pass by,
When suddenly as one can think
The path ended upon a brink;

A hanging peak of crumbling stone
Far down below the forest moan
And 'neath the rock on which they stand
Great waters wash the golden sand.

Here on this cliff a cedar tree
With spreading branches used to be,
But the white man's ax, the red man's foe,
Felled it with many a sturdy blow,
And on the stump so marred and brown
This viewing couple did sit down;
A moment only silence reigned,
The wild birds sang their lays in vain;
'Twas he sweet Nature's silence broke,
Unto the maiden thus he spoke:

“ My ideal maid, high as the sky
And deep as that blue water,
Eternal as the world to come,
I love a Scottish daughter.

“ In all the sorrows of my life,
'Mid all bitterness laden,
The burnished day, the gloomy eve,
I oft think of this maiden.

“ And when the years do solemn close
And comes the New Year hour
I feel the smart of the thorny bush,
But I never see the flower.

“ But fortune holds a golden prize
For all earth’s melancholy;
Thus all the love I claim on earth
Sits now on ‘ Robinson’s Folly.’

“ And now I ask, ‘ Wilt thou be mine?’
I trust you won’t say, ‘ Never,’
Or far, far down beneath that wave
We will sleep, and sleep forever.”

At this injunction spoke the maid,
‘ Mid smiles and modest laughter:
‘ You came across the rolling blue
And then I followed after.”

Then they clasped each other hands,
The wrongs of life were righted:
No matter where their feet should tread
Their hearts would be united.

* * * * *

A merry scene the evening showed,
The bells rang loud and plenty:
The hero which my pencil knew
Had wed this lass of twenty.

But scarcely had a short year fled
Till through the churchyard they bore her;
And now the grass and daisies white
Have long been growing o'er her.

Some summers since a weeping man,
Tear-stained and melancholy,
Bade farewell to earth's dim land
And leaped from "Robinson's Folly."

* * * * *

Still grow the grasses o'er her grave,
Mingled with pretty heather:
He silent lies beneath the wave—
They sleep, but not together.



Reflection.

There's knowledge never taught in books.
There's water that never flow'd in brooks;

 But we must take the hunter's cup
 And from the cool spring dip it up.

'Tis fresh to taste, as sweet a draught
From a running brook was never quaffed.
 Thus, sleeps a knowledge in each mind,
 Its equal in no book we find.

We must follow up the path of grace
And we must find its hiding place.

 We are lost in vice, take virtue's hand
 And it will lead us back to land.





“The stream played Nature’s melody with waters soft and clear.”

Along the Looking Glass.

One evening many years ago
When I was but a child
I sat beside a shining stream
That pierced the forest wild.

Not I alone had wandered there
To watch the parting day,
For just below two lovers strolled
With hearts so light and gay.

'Twas in the bonnie month of May
When tender was the grass;
He told this maid his loving dream
Beside the looking glass.

She softly sighed, her cheeks were red,
Her eyes shone clear and bright,
And many a tress of wavy hair
Lay on her forehead white.

The spring had clothed each tree and flower,
 The thrush was singing near,
The stream played Nature's melody
 With waters soft and clear.

The sunbeams softly had withdrawn,
 The dew fell on the grass,
Still sweetly rang the voice of love
 Beside the looking glass.

But love, like breath of roses,
 Must all too quickly pass,
So, soon they wandered their last time
 Along the looking glass.

One strain of Time's beguiling harp,
 One murmur of this stream,
No lovers wander on its banks,
 All broken is their dream.

The maid is sleeping 'neath the tree
 Where evening bade them part
And with her in the silent dust
 Doth sleep his youthful heart.

The vines their beaten path have hid,
Their seat with moss has grown;
He sees the sad and cruel change
While idling there alone.

For often in the newborn spring
He treads the tasseled grass
And sits and weeps for her who sleeps
Beside the looking glass.



The Bridal Eve.

Put on the bridal veil, fair maid,
This is your wedding night;
Pin roses on your bosom
O'er robes of snowy white.
Play some harmonious melody
Low, sweet and calm
And blow, ye tempered breezes,
With all your heavenly balm,
For best of earth is trembling now
Will joy or sorrow deck her brow?

Oh, linger at the glass, fair maid,
In earnest, silent prayer;
Look through the bridal veil and see
Your future waiting there.
The past comes first—your grandmother,
And pretty mother, too.
Each had this nervous moment
That comes but once to you.
The leaves have withered eighty years,
Their graves are watered with your tears.

There sits a girlish mother
With her firstborn on her knee;
She sighs, "When will my husband
Come back to babe and me?"
He comes at last with swollen face
And awkward, staggering feet.
She hastens down the narrow path
Her early love to meet;
A chill steals o'er her worse than death—
Rum taints his breath.

There's another husband coming home,
Takes babe from his wife's arms
And kisses each a hundred times,
Revealing thus his charms.
Alas, this husband sails away
From country, babe and wife;
Such are the sorrows that befall
The luckless seaman's life,
For bows oft split and masts do break
And sailors watery slumbers take.

And there's a mother all alone
Where June's red clover waves;
No baby nestles in her arms,
She kneels beside a grave:

The bloom of all her life is past,
She shares no husband's smile;
Her home is like a hoard of gold
On some deserted isle,
Or as a flower that blooms and dies
Unplucked, unseen by human eyes.

One clover field is all we see,
All else a barren plain:
Where love has died and beauty sighed
There grow the weeds of pain:
The gem that sleeps low in the ground
We dig for many a day,
And when we bring it to the light
Its luster fades away.
Thus life is but an idle tale
When you take off the bridal veil.



Contentment.

I have no land, I own no home;
My right here is a chance to roam,
With the earth below, the skies above.
With a heart of faith and a breast of love.

I live contented in this land;
I am a pilgrim in that band
Who counts this world's best splendor dross
When the summons comes to that haven 'cross.

I can die as calm, I am just as brave.
I can sleep as soft in the mossy grave,
My soul as free, my flight as bold
As he who dies with hoards of gold.

So now remember, one and all,
From the gift of state to the lowly call,
That pure contentment of the mind
Is the greatest wealth on earth we find.





“How oft she stood on this bridge and sighed.”

From Saint-Cloud to Malmaison.

One lovely spring in the long ago
When skies were calm soft winds did blow,
Napoleon came in kingly pride
To fair Saint-Cloud with his queenly bride.
He was the lord of that mansion fair
And she the angel to bless him there;
'Twas here the star of hope did rise
And sailed and shone through azure skies;
Here all his happiest years were spent,
Though his dreaming heart was not content.

What beautiful dames thro' the fresh woods strolled,
How sweet was the love their red lips told,
What graceful ranks of grenadiers
And glittering troops of cavaliers.
Here late in the night gay laughter rang,
To the lute's sweet chords the minstrel sang,
Through autumn's eves at the brilliant ball;
The lamps shone bright in the banquet hall,
Fair faces flushed and hearts beat proud
When the music rose to the waiting crowd.

But Bonaparte saw in his soldiers eyes
The star of destiny begin to arise;
He saw a court as his guns roared loud
That far outrivaled old Saint-Cloud;
He saw a wife more brave and fair,
A kingly throne and a lordly heir;
He saw the world at his command,
Each national rein was in his hand:
Where'er his cannon rent the air
The laurels of victory were garnered there.

It was only a false, alluring dream,
There was no wife like his Josephine;
And o'er his retreat the guns roared loud,
There was no mansion like fair Saint-Cloud;
The waves of defeat that none could quell
Rushed over his path like the fires of hell;
The dark clouds covered his skies of blue
And his star went out at Waterloo.
How oft he wished to recall the scene
Of fair Saint-Cloud and Josephine.

Saint-Cloud is only a ruin now,
Like the dream that haunted Napoleon's brow;
The gray rats chase in its crumbling walls,
Through empty casements the moonlight falls;

The song is hushed and the dance is o'er,
The brave and the beautiful come no more;
Its chivalry all has passed away
And gone with the revelers on to decay;
Now Napoleon sleeps as sad and long
And as deep as the minstrel who sang his song.

Then after those years so bright and proud
That Josephine spent at the court Saint-Cloud
Came those at Malmaison in lonely strife
When Napoleon no longer called her "wife."
Hither she came to this quiet resort
With her blighted hopes and her little court;
Here trees grew wild and vines climbed high
And the green leaves hid her clouding sky.
Near that humble home was a sloping ridge
And a stream was spanned by a rustic bridge.

How oft she stood on this bridge and sighed
As her face was reflected in the tide
And scorned her beauty—as the dark waves flow—
That a soldier loved in the long ago.
She saw the picture he once thought fair.
The eye's bright light and shadowy hair;
She felt he was near, her hero bold.
And loved her well as in days of old;

But he was over the Alps and far away
Where the sun was painting Italian day.

But when he fell from his kingly throne
And died in that lonesome rockbound home,
Of all who mourned the brave and fair
O'er the ruined hopes they buried there,
Was Josephine in secret and truth
The pride of his heart and the love of his youth;
And not till the stars shall fall from above
Will the people of earth forget to love
The faithful heart of that dark-eyed queen,
Napoleon's forgiving Josephine.



The Home of my Youth.

I returned to the home of my youth again
And I saw the old town that covered the plain:
I scarce knew the place, but some relics of truth
Pointed out plain 'twas the home of my youth:
The streets are all changed, now they're stately and grand,
The shades and the walks show the growth of our land.
And fair modern houses that upward have sprung,
All add to the changes since I was young.

The home where I lived has lost its sweet charm;
Then I was young and life knew no alarm:
The change makes me sad as I gaze on the spot
Where my laughter died out and my mirth was forgot;
The grove where I played has long been cut down,
The leaves of its glory are scattered around:
The plow of a stranger has turned o'er the sod
And spoiled the green meadow which in Junetime I trod.

I strayed to the spot where the pole swing stood,
Where shadows fell heavy from the deep maple wood,
Where wintergreen berry and wild myrtle grew,
Where pigeon and partridge on whirling wings flew;
But the swing it has gone, the gray partridge flown,
And a man, not a boy, is wand'ring alone;
A strange face at the door, they know not my pain
As I enter the old-fashioned portal again.

There's the toil of my father as long as the day
When with hammer and chisel he labored away;
I fancy I hear my mother's sweet voice
In the lullaby song which was ever my choice;
And out in the shed I can hear the same noise
That fell from the lips of the gay romping boys:
I feel deeply the change and give way to tears—
Oh, what could we give in exchange for those years?

The dear Rose of Sharon that bloomed by the door
Is faded and gone, it blossoms no more;
The tall bachelor buttons no longer are blue
And changed is the spot where the old pieplant grew.
Such as this were the scenes that appeared to my view
In meadow and garden as I journeyed through
In manhood to visit in sorrow and pain
The old fashioned scene that covered the plain.

But I bid thee farewell, I must travel away
And leave thee as sad as the parting of day;
Yet oft shall I think of thy never still shade
That flickers the path where in boyhood I played.
So goodby, blessed home, I leave you at last,
Your fate in the future is just like the past.
And whene'er I return in the forthcoming years
You will call out again my sighs and my tears.





"Our lives are like our quiet walks."

Our Lives Are Like Our Quiet Walks.

Our lives are like our quiet walks
Among our city shade,
Sometimes by day, sometimes by night,
Sometimes while storms invade.

Here is a grassy, level lawn,
Beset with various flowers,
And here's a term of life and love
Beset with precious hours.

Here is a sandy, broken lot
All void of grass and flowers,
And here's a term of age and grief
All void of precious hours.

Her Sister.

I'm sitting now beneath the same old tree
That in the past once sheltered you and me;
The spring was old and summer near at hand,
The balmy breeze swept o'er the meadow land.

Then the pink rose bloomed fresh upon your cheek
And love's rich dew made its color sweet:
No bitter tears flowed from either sect,
And your sweet eyes would my face reflect.

I was young, no woe had left its trace
In deep wrinkles on my beardless face:
No frosty winter woe to my eyes could bring,
For how I loved to hear the sleighbells ring.

There was no day too long nor breeze too wild,
Life was to me so smooth, serene and mild;
I thought this world was only love and pride
Because I only saw the brighter side.

But Master Time has since woven his years
Of widows' woes, of war and lovers' tears;
And o'er the hill the cottage still doth stand
In which you dwelt when first I asked your hand.

But you said, "No, such a thing can never be,"
And so we parted 'neath this same old tree.
You went home to be happy yet,
And I in vain tried you to forget.

I spake a farewell as I wended West
To build a mansion in old age to rest,
Where pretty maids would never come nor go
Nor teach a man to love, then answer, "No."

But Fate's again brought me to the spot
Where hopes of life were once nearly forgot;
Your youngest sister then was "Baby Bess"—
She hears my question and she answers, "Yes."



"A babbling brook swiftly rolling away."

The Brook and the Child.

One morning I saw in the beauty of May
A babbling brook swiftly rolling away;
It rose where the forest was shady and green,
Where the birds and the flowers could ever be seen.

How freshly it rolled through those beautiful hours,
Giving drink to the grass and strength to the flowers
And washing the roots of the trees where it ran
And quenching the thirst of the wayfaring man.

But it flowed to the plain where no flowers e'er bloomed,
Where the sands and the sun its cool waters consumed;
Not a trace could be seen but a small narrow road
That marked the cool place where the gentle brook flowed.

One morning I saw an innocent child
With a beautiful face so tranquil and mild
In the garden of pleasure where youth's flowers bloom,
Where unumbered leisure had plenty of room.

But the maiden passed on, to womanhood grew
And gathered in life the small drops of dew,
And roamed far away from this babbling stream
Where the sunshine of life has awakened her dream.

And should she come back from that faraway shore
And stray by the bank of this streamlet once more,
She would find that her life had lost its sweet strain
And expire like the brook when it got to the plain.



The Dream Maiden.

Weary and worn I sank to sleep
One January night:
The cold winds whistled round the house,
The fields lay cold and white.

In dreams I saw a charming maid
That in the past I knew:
Her voice was clear, her cheeks were red,
Her eyes were azure blue.

She seemed to linger at my side
For many long gay hours:
Each shady nook we skipped along
Like bees among the flowers.

The birch unfolded her sweet leaves,
The cherry was in bloom:
The woods were all in harmony
Like eventide in June.

Too graceful for my pen to paint
Was her matchless crimson gown;
Her hands were soft and white as milk,
Her neck was smooth as down.

She talked of all my boyhood years,
 Of dark and sunny weather;
There was deep love in every word
 As we two talked together.

And once she breathed upon my cheek
 And kissed my weary brow
And pressed me to her gentle breast—
 Where is that maiden now?

She gave me one fresh crimson rose
 That bloomed within her hair,
Then like a raindrop in the sea
 She vanished in the air.

I woke and that bright dream was o'er,
 The maid forever fled;
A dozen years the snow has blown
 Across her narrow bed.

The snow lay spotless on the porch,
 One footprint at the door,
One crimson rose new plucked did lie
 Upon my chamber floor.

Dreamland.

Weary, oh so weary,
 Sank I to repose
In midwinter dreary,
 Burdened with the snows;
Light as was my slumber,
 Gentle as it seemed,
Visions without number
 In white radiance beamed.

Pulleys they were dusty,
 Buzzing all day long,
Arbors old and rusty,
 Saws they sang a song;
Timber soft and sappy
 Pinching all the while,
Laborers were happy,
 Joking with a smile.

Dreaming, I was thinking
 Of a faded day,
Slowly in forgetting,
 The present passed away;
I saw the thirsty cattle
 Drinking in the brook,
I heard the fishpoles rattle,
 I saw the line and hook.

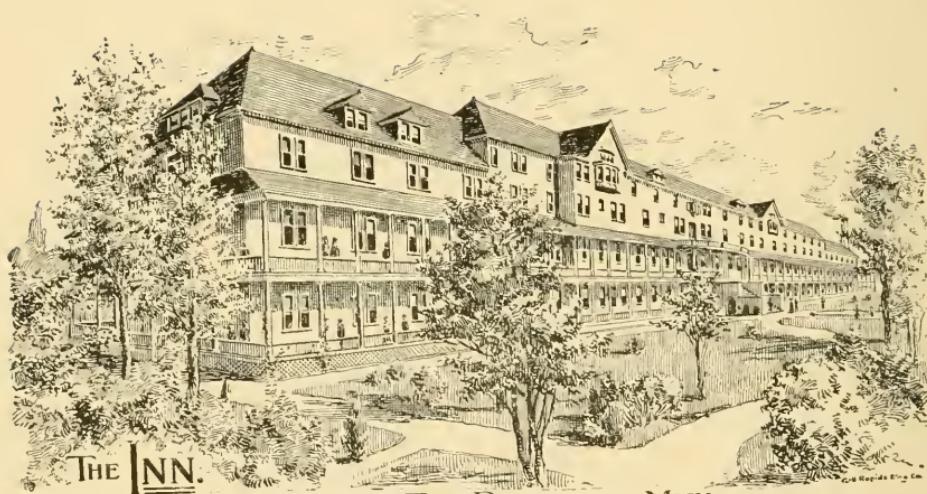
The yellow corn was growing,
 The golden apples fall,
The silver brook was flowing
 O'er boulders great and small,
There was the meadow daisy,
 The ever turning plow,
The landscape it was hazy
 Far o'er the mountain's brow.

Life was only pleasure,
 Never a jar or woe,
Dreamland only leisure—
 Why can't life be so?
Young I was and cherry,
 With my wife and boy
Why should I not be merry
 And only think of joy?

In splendor all abeaming,
Divided from all strife,
Softly I was dreaming
Of a nobler life—
Alas, the whistle blowing
Disturbed my peaceful dream,
I woke to the sense of knowing
I was driven yet by steam.

Like this some quiet morning,
When life is at its best,
Death will blow his timely warning
And break our dreamy rest,
And mansions, gold and beauty
In a shadowy world shall gleam
And actual life and duty
Shall be a vanished dream.





THE INN.

CHARLEVOIX-THE-BEAUTIFUL, MICH.

City Rapids Eng. Co.

Memories of Charlevoix.

Never to be forgotten was our visit
To Charlevoix this happy passing year,
Yet I often wonder just what is it
That binds it to memory fresh and dear.

To leave behind the sultry, scorching weather
And go where breezes give us back our strength,
To dwell with friends so kind and linked together,
To roam the woods and find sweet rest at length.

The tie that binds it to our memory dear
Is not a mystery locked in man's illusion,
It is because we wander every year
To rest a while in peace and sweet seclusion.

We stray with our dear loved ones down the beach
And spend the day in some quiet nook
Or float in our bateau where we can reach
The cedar boughs that grow beside the brook.



"And spend the day in some quiet nook."

And when these wanderings can no longer please
We then return to Charlevoix, fair town,
And at "The Inn" we rest in royal ease
And dream at night on snow-white beds of down.

Then when the early slanting sunbeams break
Through the grove and sparkle o'er the lawn
We watch the crimson on the mighty lake
Grow red and yellow, then at last withdrawn.

We join with our beloved at even'tide,
Strangers and neighbors all are gathered there,
And jokes go round, tales of love and pride.
And chat of home in distant cities fair.

And when the frost unto the woods has given
A coat of white that sunbeams turn to brown
We say farewell to scenes so much like heaven
Board the train and seek our native town.

Oh, blessed North where autumn comes so early
And timid spring halts ever on the way,
No pen nor voice can e'er describe thee fairly,
But dear as life is thy cool summer day.

Our Throne.

We need not be a president
To have our goodness known,
We need not be of royal birth
To sit upon a throne.

There is a throne of equal worth
Given with every breath,
We have it all the hours of life
But give it back in death.

The manner we treat God and men
Is the material of that throne,
And the way our neighbors know us
Is the way we may be known.

There's many a vacant throne in life
And bitter rusty heart
So cold that we can scarcely tell
The good and bad apart.

The men who have the richest throne
Are those we all remember,
Like flowers that bloom in sultry June
We cherish in December.

The Picture of a Flower.

There stood two skillful workmen
One golden summer hour,
One held in his hand a poem
The other the picture of a flower.

Said the poet to the artist:
"Your work is very rare;
The color and shape is perfect
But the best part is not there.

"You can make the petals perfect,
Some shades are deep, some faint,
But the fragrance of the flower
No brush can ever paint.

"My words can paint the odor,
Your brush the simple flower
That blooms in tangled forests
To bless the summer hour."

The artist folded his easel,
The poet wiped his pen,
For to paint one perfect flower
It took two perfect men.

Roll Call of Poets.

Shakspere knew Bacon
And Tennyson loved Lamb,
While Nye, Ward and Crockett
Feasted on Cunningham.

Young Thompson was Riley
When they Raleigh round DeFoe;
Carleton and Whittier
Could not Read of Poe.

Hawthorne was a Longfellow
To Wade under the Dore;
Dante, Chaucer, Goethe and Milton,
Homer and Dryden are no Moore.

Bryant revered Bunyan,
Scott and Swift met Burns;
Addison and Spencer
On Driftwood took turns.

Mrs. Hemans donned her Hood,
Walked with Byron to the Field;
Rose Thorp followed after,
Arnold's secrets to reveal.

Gray and Campbell were no Goldsmiths
And Bishop was no Pope.
Emerson and Shelly
Were not Byers without Hope.

Wesley and Montgomery
Wrote sentiment sanguine
And, like their brothers, Watts and Sankey,
Were both likewise divine.





“O'er the road beside the river 'neath the spreading elm boughs.”

The River Road.

O'er the road beside the river
'Neath the spreading elm boughs
Treads the old man in the evening
With his herd of panting cows.

Since a boy each morn and evening
He has marched this road along;
Here he sang his schoolday ballad,
Here he hummed his manhood song.

Years ago these woods were heavy,
Deep and dark the forest shade;
That was when the strong wood-cutter
This old beaten roadway made.

And his sire marched on this gravel
When the summer-day was done,
But grew old and ceased to travel—
Was succeeded by his son.

Now the setting sun does linger
On an old-fashioned abode,
Another old man drives the cattle
Down the beaten river road.

The Old Wheel and the New.

I was thinking to-night what father said
As I rapidly rolled away
Among the fragrant maples,
Dressed in the robe of May:

“ Here is a wheel, my daughter,
As a present I give it to thee,
And if you make good use of it
How blest will the giver be.”

Then a tear rolled down his sunburnt cheek
And I quickly kissed it away,
As I thought how sweet my father looked
With his hair just turning gray.

I know he thought of an ancient day
When his father came from town
And brought his mother a different wheel
When her wavy hair was brown.

And I knew he said the very words
My father had spoken to me:
“ And if you make good use of it
How blest will the giver be.”

A different wheel from the one he gave
To me this happy night,
For it toiled away the winter hours
When the fireplace was bright.

The children have all been lulled to sleep
By its drowsy humming tune,
Like lapsing waves on somber shores
On sultry nights in June.

But no more it will sit around the fire
And sing as in days of yore
For it sleeps in the garret cold and dark
While wild winds madly roar.

Like a good old-fashioned patient man
Who has really lived too long
And dwells in a dingy, quiet room
But gayly lives in song.

As the wheel waits for that matron's step
And heavy toiling breath,
Thus the old man waits for a knock at the door
And the welcome voice of death.

But the new wheel sits in the hallway there
Where blushes the summer day,
Where the sun pours in her golden light
And merry children play.

It shares our joys and toils alike,
It knows the smoothest road;
It never complains when on its back
Is laid a heavy load.

Each wheel had a glorious task to do
And they did them in their prime,
For the old wheel spun my stockings
And the new wheel wove my rhyme.



I Have Only One Wish to Make.

When I was but a little boy,
Running around the town,
My feet were chapped, my toes were stubbed,
My cheeks were both burnt brown.

When mother called me home at night
I'd go with a stubborn dread;
She would wash my little smarting feet,
I would pray, then go to bed.

One night I opened up my heart,
I told her my deep plan.
How I was very tired of youth
And wished to be a man.

A tear-drop sparkled in her eye,
A shadow crossed her brow,
I did not know the reason then,
But I understand it now.

Could she but hear her gray-haired child
I think it would give her joy,
For I have only one wish to make,
And that's—to be a boy.



“The deer goes bounding through the woods.”

October Days.

The fall shades of October days
Bring many thoughtful hours;
We tread upon the scarlet leaves,
We see the faded flowers.

The deer goes bounding through the woods,
The partridge soars away,
The chipmunk chatters in the oak,
The red squirrel and the gray.

The robin sings her parting song,
The wild goose cries at night
As on her lofty starry way
She takes her southern flight.

And as I travel thro' the woods
I think of summer hours
When all the leaves were fresh and green
And fragrant were the flowers,

When every wild bird in the woods
Did flit on silver wing;
With charming lays and melodies
Each leafy tree did sing.

The hills and plains were fresh and pure
From fern to stalwart tree—
Why should not man, the lord of all,
Be happy, blest and free?

But now, alas, the meadows brown
And groves are sere and gray
And many a hope their beauty wove
With them have passed away.

October's shades reflecting forth
Show us in a few years
The lives of all ambitious men
End but in toils and tears.

Thus seasons pass, and men likewise
And nations disappear;
All things do fade below the skies,
All is uncertain here.

“The Banjo’s Strain.”

Oh, how I love at close of eve
To sit and rest my careworn brain
Within a family circle dear
And hear the banjo’s charming strain.

A happy heart in manhood’s prime,
A home filled with rapture and glee,
The sweet strains sound around the walls
And melt the soul of me.

But years do fly on Time’s quick wheels;
Turn eyes to dim and locks to gray;
Yet light of other days reveals,
But each time farther yet away.

That father's voice will soon be hushed,
His restless heart must cease to beat;
But even though its pride be fled
Its strains be just as clear and sweet.

Some offspring then will turn the keys
And pick the music from the string
And in some new and happy home
The hope of other years shall bring.

In future years on deserted walls,
'Mid dusty silence and cobweb stain,
Be it tuned in huts or capitols,
Its enchanting sound be still the same.



Our Public Schools.

It was early fall, bright was the day,
The men had gone to their work away,
That I stood where two roads did meet
To watch the children on the street.
Each carried a bundle of various books—
Their faces betrayed their schoolday looks:
Unwillingly some trudged to school,
As they thought of the woods and swimming pool.

Vacation was o'er and, from the scene
Of flowery lakes and country green,
The gay fair faces, sun-tanned brown,
With their wonderful secrets came back to town.
From clover meadows and shady dales,
From sunny slopes and grassy vales,
From picnic groves and rivers cool
They leave them all for the city school.

I followed a group of girls and boys
And heard them relate their pastime joys
Until, at last, to the school we came—
Then I longed to be a boy again.
I climbed the steps, as did they all,
The principal met me in the hall
And showed me the rooms and drawings fine,
Each species of skill and modern design.

How far superior to the ways and rules
Since I attended the country schools;
Built out of logs and covered with staves
And stuffed with moss in winter days.
But, thanks to our fathers, they did their best—
The grandest heroes in all the West.
They paved the way in toil sincere
That has led to this beautiful schoolhouse here.

We honor the teachers that were so concerned
O'er the lessons passed our children learned,
And we trust the book that was bought to-day
Will be taught to them in the same good way.
Each secret of lore may your wisdom find
And make it plain to their growing mind.
May they never forget the Golden Rule
Taught by the teachers of the public school.

All honor to you, parents, now getting gray,
For the kindness you have shown to-day.
You have built the schools and the books have bought
And paid the teachers for the lessons taught.
You want to know what your children learn
For your interest taken in their concern.
It is right that you should and, in future days,
May your children repay your care with praise.

And, children, how happy you are to-day,
As onward to school you make your way.
You ought to be thankful for walks of stone,
For the clothes you wear and the kindness shown,
For few of your sires that live to day
Had the privilege of school in as good a way.
So, gather the good for memories' store,
For soon your schooldays will be o'er.

Be earnest and steady and now prepare
To fill the pulpit and mayor's chair;
For manhood soon will be scattered o'er
This army of young that go home at four.
They soon shall possess a home and a wife—
Turn more of the actual leaves of life.
Then learn the sequel of the Golden Rule
Which first was taught in the public school.



“Beneath an old and famous tree a bard sat down to rest.”

The Old Bard.

Beneath an old and famous tree
A bard lay down to rest:
Sleep took possession of his limbs
While dreams lived in his breast.

Close by a cooling brooklet ran
With one sweet simple song:
The poet woke, he heard its lay,
And listened to it long.

It sang of all his boyhood years:
With heart so light and free
He waded cross this cooling brook,
Which was his childhood sea.

It told of apple-blossomed May,
Of Love's sweet ideal hours:
It told of faded, wrinkled cheeks,
Of crushed and blighted flowers.

It told him of a tender maid
With wavy auburn hair
That just twice twenty years before
Had wandered with him there.

The brook sang on its melody,
Tears came to the poet's eyes,
While soft and calmly it did tell
Where that sweet maiden lies.

“ Sing on, sweet stream,” the poet cried,
“ Thy ripples are free from strife,
Thy voice is never hoarse with age,
But sings the Psalm of Life.

“ My words have cheered ten thousand souls
In sentiment and glee,
And now your voice so pure and soft
Sings one sweet song to me.

“ So here, alas, in hoary age
My songs return to me,
Filled with the sentiments of life
The brooklet sings it free.

“ I bow my head and listen long
With sunken, tear-stained cheek;
I willingly do lend my ears
While Nature’s mouth doth speak.”

Ah, what is man in middle life?
In spring or summer old
His tongue can never, never tell
The tale the waters told.

The poet’s hands are folded now
Across his quiet breast:
No song of love or sun or shade
Can break his peaceful rest.



The following is only an extract from a long poem which I have given considerable time and labor. The poem is entitled, "The Origin and History of the Fading Race."

The Fall of the Pueblo Nation.

Adertoe, he sought in vain
Every mountain-top and plain
For his fair and blue-eyed child—
Gem of all the western wild.
And he sought and sought forever
But he found his darling never.

Pebbles into boulders grew,
Rivers sprang from drops of dew,
Huge cliffs circled round the seas,
Bushes grew to mossy trees.
Time has revealed 'twas long ago:
Centuries fell like flakes of snow.

Now we see a mighty race
Flitting round from place to place.
In their wanderings they were led
Where the first wild man was bred:
Where a village it stood quiet—
Peaceful were the farmers nigh it.

Father, mother, all were routed—
Through the streets the savage shouted.
All the pale and peaceful nation
Were swept from the brow of creation
Save one chief, who stood alone
By their huge prophetic stone,
In a wizard tongue did tell
Of the fountain in the dell:
Then he pointed to the lake
Girdled by the woods and brake:—

“ Numberless your sons and daughters
As the drops of yon blue water.
But the paleface will come again,
Build his cities on the plain,
And the Indian then must fade
In the lonely forest shade.”

So, one day the stranger pale
Marched thro' forest glade and dale,
Rifles flashed and cannons thundered,
Warriors perished by the hundred:
Wagons the wild prairie crossed,
Hunters in the woods were lost.

As the frost melts on the pane,
Thus the savage left the plain,
With his spear and feathered quiver
Slowly drifted down the river,
And he never came again
To his own dear native plain.

So the people claim his lake,
Wooded lands and mountain brake;
Built his cottage, proudly tarried
Where the savage maid was buried,
Killed his antelope and deer,
Tracked his buffalo far and near.

Vanished the redman and his game
And our world is not the same;
Golden minds of useful worth
Swept the spurious from the earth.

And our plow the sod has broke;
Patient hands have carved the oak,
Strung the wires, laid the keel,
Formed the locomotive wheel;
Played with lightning, bridled steam,
Annalized each sparkling beam,
And the least of all they know
Is the redman and his woe.

So, in brief, I've told the history
Of a nation locked in mystery.
Had I died and sealed my mouth—
Last historian from the South—
Mortal man would never know
Of Angewild and Addertoe.
As the sun sank in the West,
Dropped his head upon his breast—
Calmly, as the soft winds sighed,
This old wrinkled warrior died.

So at the foot of a rugged hill
Where gushed a spring and ran a rill,
Pensive there I laid the dead,
Placed a tombstone o'er his head.
And now, fond lovers, gathering flowers
Find it in the summer hours;

Hunters, kneeling by the spring,
View it as a sacred thing;
Fishermen, with line and hook,
Know it well beside the brook;
And dear children, rambling round,
Often sit upon his mound;
Poets bask beneath the shade
Of the tree where he was laid;
Fancy moves and weaves the rhyme
Of the Indian in his prime.
So the warriors climbed the crest
Of the mountains in the West,
And sink low, as does the sun,
With their fruitless labor done.



“Heart Echoes.”

I've sung to you “Heart Echoes,”
That long has cheered my soul,
From childhood unto manhood,
As fleeting seasons roll.

The forests, lakes and rivers.
Humanity's great throng,
The flowers and the meadows
Have echoed in my song.

I've brought the mountains to you,
Good sentiments and truth,
Have shown you wrinkled faces
And fair and rosy youth.

May each recall sweet mem'ries
Of past and pleasant days
To soothe your weary bosoms
And shape your rough highways.

But now I'll sing "Heart Echoes"
In a purer, fairer line,
Not penned with mortal fingers,
But written with hand divine:

Let's work and wait in patience
In this beautiful world of ours
For the voice that calls each mortal
To the Land of Love and Flowers.

No eye has seen such beauties
As the Lord has garnered there
And never such strains of music
Has fallen o'er lands as fair.

And high in that upper country
Of azure shimmering rest
The King stands in his glory
And welcomes each weary guest.

THE END.

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